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THE
High-German Physician:
OR,
MEDICINE brought to Perfection;

[Price Sixpence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM
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THE

High-German Phyſician:

OR,

MEDICINE brought to Perfection;

BY

Such rare uncommon METHODS, and judicious PRESCRIPTIONS, as at once give Conviction, Surprize, and Admiration, in a Degree vaſtly ſuperior to every Thing, that has been hitherto offer'd on the Subject of Phyſick.

The whole laid down in a familiar and eaſy Way, obvious to the meaneſt Capacity.

IN A

LETTER from an *High-German* Phyſician at *Vienna*, to a Right Worſhipful Brother in Death at *London*.

To which is added,

The NORFOLK Favourite:

OR, THE

FALL of *GAVESTON*.

LONDON:

Printed for *A. Moore*; and ſold by the Booksellers and Pamphlet-Shops in *London* and *Weſtminſter*. MDCCXXX

BRITISH MUSEUM
DEC

THE PREFACE.

IN Obedience to the Importunity of my Friends, I have been obliged to adorn the following Piece with a Preface: Not that it ſtood in need of any ſuch preliminary Aſſiſtance, as being completely furniſh'd with a Beginning, Middle, and Concluſion of its own: But to obviate

A an

an Objection which would naturally occur to the Criticks, who are better acquainted with Method and Rule, than common Senſe and Reaſon.

As the Gentleman has made Choice of me for the Vehicle of his Conceptions, and moſt uncommon Abilities (which really muſt create greater Wonder, than ever the World hitherto has had an Opportunity to wonder at) I flatter my ſelf, ſome Share of Merit muſt redound to me, who have been at the Expence to communicate, what muſt at once ſurprize and pleaſe.

The Reader will be convinc'd from the following extraordinary Letter, that the Author is not only qualify'd

fy'd to perform what he has promis'd; but likewiſe that his Genius is ſufficient to preſcribe proper Remedies to all the Ills of Life.

Courage therefore Reader! Let thy Diſtemper be what it will, whether civil, military, ſpiritual, or corporeal; the Great *High-German Phyſician* is upon his Journey; and you may aſcertain your ſelf of a Cure with Safety and Expedition.

I would have equipt this extraordinary Child with a Bit of *Greek* or *Latin*: But the firſt of the two (I thank my Stars) I never underſtood, and the laſt is as much forgot by me, as if I had never ſtudy'd it. However, comforting my ſelf, that this polite Age, will pardon a Fault, which

which is not in my Power to help, I beg leave to withdraw that they may ſit down to their Entertainment.

Juſt Publiſh'd, (Price 6 *d.*)

A Genealogical ESSAY on the Family of the HAMS; wherein is ſhewn their Pretenſions to certain *Colleges*, as *Founders* Kinſmen *&c.* Together with a *Preface*, ſetting forth the true Original of the Family of the BELCH-ERS.

THE

THE

High-German Phyſician:

OR,

MEDICINE in Perfection.

SIR,

BEING prompted by an inſatiable Ambition to excell all Mankind in the Knowledge of Phyſick; after a Study of eleven Years at the Univerſity of *Padua*, where I neglected no Part of Literature, that might either embelliſh the *Scholar*, or finiſh the *Phyſician*, I made the Tour of *Europe*, not in

 the

the curſory and idle Way, your Nobility and Gentry travel, (who generally export the *Blockhead*, with no farther Improvement, than to bring home the Impreſs of the *Fop*,) but in ſuch a Manner, as made, even the moſt barren and uncultivated Lands confeſs Wonders in the Cure of every Diſtemper incident to Humanity.

To the Old Women of *Ireland*, *Lapland*, and the Highlands of *Scotland*, I make this publick Acknowledgment, that from them I have acquir'd many ineſtimable Secrets. And though by this Time I have arriv'd to ſuch a Fund of Learning and Experience, as would have ſatisfy'd any Faculty of Phyſicians, I appear'd to my ſelf but like an Apothecary, who can juſt make a ſhift to read, and compound a Receipt.

Wherefore to gratify this laudable Gluttony of Mind, in the thirtieth Year of my Age I took ſhipping for *Egypt*, where I continued three Years with great Pleaſure and Improvement, and had (I believe) ſtay'd longer; but happening unluckily to fall in Love with an *Egyptian* Lady, with whom I enter'd into the Suburbs of Matrimony, (what with the pent-up Air, overcharged with the feculent Vapours emitted out of that large and populous City, and my own natural Averſion to Toys,) I made haſte from

from a Circumſtance, which I took to be an Enemy to Reſpiration, and exchang'd my Fair-one for the Perfumes of *Arabia*.

I have ſince viſited every City, Town, and Village of *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, that I but barely ſuſpected could yield me any Aſſiſtance in Theory and Practice.

When I liv'd at *Indoſtan*, I had the Offer of being firſt Phyſician to the Great *Mogul*; but my ardent Love of Liberty hinder'd me from accepting any Poſt in a Country where that was precarious.

For the Benefit of Mankind, I have ranſack'd the Bowels of the Earth, and deſcended into the Depths of the Sea for Virtue.

There is no one Book in any Science, Faculty, or Profeſſion, whether ancient or modern, that contains one Grain of Senſe, that I have not read, and am not able to reſume. I ſpeak and write thirty Languages elegantly and purely. I have ſtudy'd my ſelf into old Age, yet retain my youthful Vigour; am of an Alacrity not common to my Countrymen, and in Judgment inferior to none,

Thus qualify'd, I beg my Reader's Seriouſneſs and Attention.

And firſt it may not be improper to prepare the Underſtanding for the Reception of

what is to follow, by enumerating ſome Cures already perform'd.

When I was at *Agra*, the Capital of *Indoſtan*, the Great *Mogul* having lain a whole Year ill of a Dyſentery, under an Impoſſibility of Relief from his own Phyſicians, at laſt ſent for me. After examining the State of his Diſeaſe, I told his Imperial Majeſty there was no Proſpect of Aid from ordinary Means, but if he would ſubmit to the grand Tranſlation (a Method of Cure only particular to my ſelf) I could reſtore him to Health in a few Days. The honeſt Emperor was ſo fond of Life, that he promis'd implicite Acquieſcence in any Thing: Then, ſaid I to him, one of your Majeſty's great Men muſt die to ſave your Life, and he muſt be one who bears the neareſt Reſemblance to you in Age, Quality, and Power. With all my Heart, anſwer the Emperor. Having thus obtain'd leave, I proceeded to the Operation in manner following:

I pitch'd upon *Robomirus*, Firſt Miniſter of State, for my Subject, (well knowing he was a Man, whoſe Death would be moſt acceptable to the People,) and having order'd him to be ty'd and ſtript, made a tranſverſe Inciſion upon his Abdomen, and with all the Caution imaginable took out his Inteſtines: Then after an eaſy Section upon the

the Emperor, Removal of his exulcerated Inteſtines, and Ablution neceſſary, I tranſlated in an Inſtant the ſound Viſcera into the Imperial Abdomen, and with an Air of Authority commanded *Robomirus* to expect his *Ultimatum* from Putrefaction and Death. The Iſſue was, the Emperor recover'd perfectly in three Days; but the poor Miniſter died in one.

When at the Court of the Sophy of *Perſia*, the greateſt Favourite of all his Ladies, by Accident loſt her Sight; ten Talents of Gold were publickly offer'd to any one, who would undertake the Cure. Many Phyſicians made an Attempt, but were unſucceſsful. Being ſent for, I ſeem'd a little diffident at firſt; but an Additional *Premium* of Sixty Talents, and the Lady's natural Reſolution, inſpir'd me with Courage to leave nothing untry'd that might effectuate the Cure. Then exoculating the Eyes of a ſprightly Hawk, I ſo arfully adapted them to her little darkned Cells, and ſo curiouſly diſpos'd the Humours, the Retina, and every other Part of the Optical Form, that ſhe now receives the Images from without, and conveys them to the common Senſory in the Brain, as regularly as before, and is at preſeut, without Diſparagement to any, the greateſt Beauty in *Perſia*.

From

From *Perſia* I came to *Conſtantinople*; where I was call'd to the Aſſiſtance of the *Mufti*, who then labour'd under the convulſive Deliriums of a Fever, and was given over by his Phyſicians. After having breath'd a Vein, and transfus'd a little healthy Blood into it, the religious Man recover'd, to the great Joy of the Royal Family.

I travell'd next to the Court of *Rome*; where finding the Pope violently afflicted with a Pain in his Stomach, Debility of Appetite, and continual Reachings to vomit, which no Medicines could eaſe, nor Means alleviate, I offer'd my Service; which was cheerfully accepted: Then opening a large Hog, took out his Stomach, waſh'd it clean with the Spirit of *Panaret*; and having carry'd it to his Holineſs, after a proper Inciſion made, I extracted his Ventricle, and ſubſtituted this in its Room. The old Gentleman recover'd, and liv'd five Years after in good Health; but all that Time was ſo plagued with a voracious Inclination to Raw Meat, Guts, and Garbage, that I have heard it ſaid ſince, that his Life was a Burthen to him. However this I am ſure of, he has often beſtow'd his fatherly Malediction upon me. I knew what this Accident would produce; and therefore ſoon withdrew out of the Territories of the Church.

I muſt not forget, that as I was once travelling in *Spain*, I met a Fellow who was going to kill and flea a beautiful *Jennet*. I ask'd what he would have for the Beaſt, after he had flea'd it. We agree'd for half a Crown. Then fortifying her with a Spirit, I always carry about with me, that ſhe might ſuſtain the Violence of the Operation without Death, took Poſſeſſion of my Bargain: And having artificially tack'd together ſo many Sheep Skins, as were ſufficient to furniſh out an Integument for her, I clapp'd it on with ſuch Dexterity and Management, that the Beaſt is now as much delighted with it, as ſhe uſed to be with her own; and which is more wonderful, produces two Fleeces of Wool for me every Year. This extraordinary Creature may be heard of any Day of the Week at the Club of *Iriſh* Virtuoſo's at *London*.

While I reſided in this Country, a certain great Man ſent to me for Advice about the Treaty of *Seville*, which was then in Agitation. I counſell'd him to purchaſe of me fifty Boxes of my Golden Pills, and exhibit them to ſuch Perſons as he thought moſt proper to work upon. He comply'd; and the Treaty was in a ſhort Time after concluded to the ever memorable Glory both of him and my Pills.

Much about this time, the Fame of my great Atchievements in Phyſick had reach'd the Ears of the Emperor, my Sovereign, and I receiv'd a Letter from him, written with his own Hand, by an Imperial Courier at *Seville*, commanding me upon my Allegiance home with all the Expedition poſſible, and withal intimating that he languiſh'd under ſuch a deplorable Decay of Conſtitution, that nothing leſs than my Skill could reſtore him to a florid Habit of Body. In Obedience to my Royal Maſter's Mandate, I made ſuch haſte, that I was with him, ſome Days before he expected me.

After my firſt Complements of Obeiſance were over, he expreſs'd himſelf thus in a very particular Way: I have, Good Doctor, been for ſome Years oppreſs'd, and over-run with a certain Timidity, Puſilanimity, and Dejection, which is eaſier livelier felt, than I am capable to deſcribe: Fear doubles my Apprehenſion; and Apprehenſion magnifies every Object which falls within my View: Each Antagoniſt I have occurs to my Imagination, as an Army of Giants; and I am neither able to ſupport my ſelf in Indolence, nor in Action. I am not inſenſible, Doctor, that your Methods are pretty rough; but I am prepared, reſolved to endure any Thing that may contribute to

ſupport

ſupport the Dignity of the Empire: Sharpen your Inſtruments, and fall to work, and may Succeſs crown the Event.

I made a Bow, and withdrew: Then meeting with the Heart of a Lamb, which was juſt kill'd, and ſurrogating it in the Room of that of a very fierce Lion, I return'd with all neceſſary Diſpatch; and after a very ſhort manual Operation, preſented the Emperour with a Heart, with which he has ſince frighten'd moſt of the Powers of *Europe*.

Fortitude, Heroiſm, and Capacity, are the preſent Marks which diſtinguiſh him from the other Potentates of the Earth: And nothing is now breath'd in that Court, but War, Courage, and Conqueſt.

As for the Lion whoſe Heart I tranſmuted for that of the Lamb, he is now my Companion and Bedfellow, and innocent as the Creature whoſe cognizance he bears; and I perſwade myſelf, will be proud to entertain the *Londoners* ſo ſoon as they and I get acquainted together.

And now Methinks, none will be ſurpriz'd at the ſubſequent Part of my Diſcourſe.

Know then all Men and Women, by theſe Preſents, that if there is any Perſon, of what

Dignity, Condition, or Denomination ſoever, with whom you are paſſionately in Love, (provided always your Paſſion is within the Rules of Religion and Honour,) that upon due Application to me, a large Fire ſhall be made under a Copper, which contains twenty Gallons of Spirit of Love, wherein the Love-ſick Perſon is to be digeſted *Quantum ſufficit*, that is, till the Pores of the Skin are ſufficiently dilated to communicate the attracting Force imbibed from the Spirit: Then ſhall the Lover ſtark-naked be put into Cupid's Chariot (a Machine in my Cuſtody) drawn by white Horſes, and drove by a Royal Archer to the Lodgings of the Belov'd; where if good Fortune is ſo favourable as to grant a Meeting, this one Interview ſhall conclude their Happineſs, and join them in Wedlock. But if any Accident obſtructs the Congreſs at firſt, the ſame Proceſs muſt be repeated again.

I always keep by me a ſufficient Number of Types, not ſuch as you print with, but which exactly imitate Hand-writing; with which I can, not with a fortuitous Concourſe and Jumble, according to the Atomical Syſtem, but by a certain Impulſe and Direction, form'd upon the niceſt Rules of Art, raiſe on a ſudden, compile and finiſh any Book, of any

any Length, and on any Subject, and in any Language, from the tedious Folio, down to the eaſy Labour of a Pamphlet, conſiſting of a Sheet of Paper. If therefore there is any Miniſter of State, King, or any other great Man, who is ambitious of Shining in the Annals of Fame to lateſt Poſterity, but ſollicitous, anxious, and in Pain, that there is no one of his Contemporaries capable to tranſmit his Glory with Sentiments, and in a Style equal to his Merit; proper Application muſt be made to me, who can with the greateſt Eaſe and Accuracy imaginable, range and marſhal the ſeveral Virtues, pious, worthy, and memorable Acts of my Hero, and march them from the Beginning to the End of my Book in ſuch an hoſtile and formidable Manner, that the moſt curious Obſerver with all the Art he is Maſter of, ſhall not be able to diſcern one Fault.

I would fain have a certain great Man conſider, that of all the Pieces, which have been compos'd in his Praiſe, or inſcrib'd to his Honour either in Proſe or Verſe; not above one Copy is to be found in the Shops the next week after Publication: And reflect with himſelf, that if there could be ſuppos'd a Man of Levity and Curioſity enough to enquire after one or other of ſuch Papers, he

muſt of Neceſſity confine his Requeſt to the Author, the diverting Subject, or the Snuff-Shops. I have by me, ready for the Preſs, as a Specimen of this kind of Writing, the ANATOMY of a GREAT MAN, which if he does not purchaſe of my Correſpondent by the End of next Week, I intend ſhall be put up to ſale by Inch of Candle.

I have an infallible Remedy for Jealouſy, which given in any Vehicle, works with that Certainty and Eaſe, as to deſtroy and eradicate not only groundleſs Suſpicions, but even inordinate Motions; and infallibly gives ſuch a Reliſh and Pleaſure to domeſtick Life, that the Perſon ſuſpected ſhall never after either ſtir abroad, or entertain Company at Home.

If the Relations of any Perſon, or Perſons, who is, are, or may be ſtrangled by Catarrhs, hang'd, or drown'd, or intermit Cardiac Pulſation through an acute Diſeaſe, will immediately, upon any ſuch Accident or Event, have Recourſe to me, I hereby promiſe, by a Method ſingular to my ſelf, to reſtore thoſe Patients to life again. The Poſſibility of which no one can diſpute, who has any Notion of experimental Philoſophy: For if you ſtrangle a Pullet, 'till no ſign of Life appears, you may by blowing Wind into the Lungs

Lungs through the *Trachæa*, eaſily ſet them a playing, and ſo reſuſcitate the Bird to Life again: Or, if you hang a Fox, Dog, *&c.* till the Heart ceaſes to repeat its Motion, then open the Animal, and convey Wind into the *Ductus pecquetianus*, the Blood will begin to circulate, the Heart to move, and the Animal be reſtor'd to his former Vigour. But if any one, after what I have ſaid, ſhall continue reſolutely bent to controvert my Capacity, I will indulge him the Favour to drown or hang himſelf in my Preſence for the Space of one full Hour by my Watch, and if I don't revivify and recover him to as valid a State of Health as he enjoy'd before this Experiment, may I never be truſted more.

If any Lady has a Feature in her Face, that is not ſo beautiful as ſhe could wiſh, or a Deformity in any other Part of her Microſcoſm, that ſhe would be glad to get rid of; let her but agree with, and ſatify the Perſon, with whom ſhe has a Mind to exchange, and the executive Part ſhall be perform'd by me with the utmoſt Care and Exactneſs.

Fetch me but a Stateſman, whoſe Enterpriſe and Management, is the facetious Theme of both old and young; I will in the Sight

of

of Thouſands of Spectators, by a particular Inciſion, take out his Brains, and ſo repurgate, ſpiritualize, and invigorate them, that after I have return'd them to their antient Repoſitory, he ſhall make a greater Figure than any Politican of the Age.

Put the Caſe, there is any Peer or Commoner who has an Ambition to arrive at Honour by the Heels of his Footman; let the Fellow be brought to me, and here's my Hand, I will not deſert him, till I have whipt out his Lungs, and equipt him with ſuch a pair of Bellows from an Animal of my Acquaintance, as ſhall make his Locomotive Faculty the Admiration of the Times.

I can ſupply the Curious with Cats, Snakes, and Monkeys, (into whom I have inoculated Parrot's Tongues,) that talk not only prettily, but learnedly; and with a Multitude of Rarieties of the ſame Nature.

Bring me a ſtout Game-Cock, and a Pigeon at the ſame Time, I can (by a Proceſs known only to my ſelf) cauſe the military Proweſs of the Cock tranſmigrate into the Pigeon, in ſuch ſort, that if a dozen of the fineſt Game-Cocks in *Europe*, were to be ſet down one by one, the Pigeon ſhould beat them all out of the Field.

Is

Is there any Man offended at the Verboſity of his Wife? It is but bringing her Neck and Heels to me, and I will teach her the Way to Taciturnity and Peace.

Is a Woman in Labour? Let her ſend for me; I can with the greateſt Facility transfer her Pains to her Husband, her Midwife, or any other Perſon, ſhe has a Mind to teſtify her Reſpect to.

Does any Man want a Poſt, an Eſtate, or any other Noſtrum of greater ideal Value? I bid him hearty welcome to a Secret which will effectually ſupply the Place of all ſuch imaginary Trifles, as only ſtart into Being from the too turgid Idea's of a diſtemper'd Fancy.

I have Letters Patent under the Imperial Seal of the Holy *Roman* Empire, for the ſole making, and letting out to Uſe, of a military Appartment, which, with great Expence and Art of Brain, I have contriv'd in Honour, and for the Encouragement of Duels.

The Roof of this ſpacious Structure (which is ſixty Yards ſquare) I have taken care to adorn with Death-Heads in every Shape, Skeletons of all Sizes, and every Thing elſe I could think of, that might inſpire Magnanimity and Courage. By five Steps of bloody Marble,

Marble, you aſcend into the Area, which is paved with Swords of a Chryſtalline Colour, directing their Points upwards, diſpos'd ſo uniformly in Rows, and at ſuch imperceptible Intervals, as forbid even the Intervention of a Pin. The Walls of this noble Fabrick are wainſcotted with the Butt-Ends of Muskets, whoſe Cavities are full of Ball, and whoſe Mouths gape wide upon the Scene of Action. One Tricker pull'd, gives an Oecumenick Diſcharge, and a very agreeable Surprize.

The firſt Couple, that mounted this Stage were an *Iriſhman* and an *Highlander*, who walk'd the ſharp Pavement with as much Eaſe, as if they had been treading upon Feathers, fought with ſuch Reſolution and Vigour, and at laſt pull'd the Tricker, which gives the general Exploſion, with ſo much Bravery and Unconcern, that they finiſh'd the Battle to the mutual Satisfaction, of both the Spectators and my ſelf.

I can not ſay, but I was a little ſorry at the Fate of the next Couple that aſcended, who being a *German* and an *Engliſhman*, jolly enough, but ſomewhat overburthen'd with Fat, did not exchange above four Thruſts, before they ſunk down to the Hilts of the Pavement.

At

At the next Battle, which was fought by two *Frenchmen*, above three hundred Spectators of that riſible Nation were preſent. I cannot for my Heart deny, that the Combatants enter'd with all the Petulancy and Alertneſs natural to the Country, and walk'd and fought with the ſame Joy, Eaſe, and Pleaſure, that any other Man would welcome the News of a great Eſtate. But one of them happening to draw the Tricker a little inadvertently, not only the two Combatants, but their whole Nation there preſent, periſhed by the Experiment. There were a great Number of other Spectators, both Male and Female, at the Time: But as I had taken previous Care to make their Bodies invulnerable, and conſequently they receiv'd no Hurt, this Accident, if I remember right, ended with the ſame Influence, Edification, and Inſtruction, as generally attends a funeral Oration at the Death of a Friend.

The fourth Couple who came to enter the Liſts, were two *Spaniards*, who after having digeſted in their Thoughts the Manner of the Pavement, and curſorily ſurvey'd the Wainſcot, lovingly ſhook Hands together, and then retir'd with ſuch Precipitation, as I am afraid, will never be credited by thoſe

who are but commonly acquainted with the natural Majeſty and Sagacity of that People.

Let it be remember'd, that the famous Champion of *London* has ſent me Notice, that though he is unwilling to combat any other Perſon upon my Area, yet he has an huge Mind to try a little Skirmiſh with me.

N. B. *Old as I am, I accept the Challenge.*

I dare any ten thouſand Perſons (whether Male or Female, 'tis no matter) to meet me upon the Firſt Day of February next on *Hounſlow-Heath*, and to bring each a lighted Match, and a Barrel of Gun-Powder along with them: When the Muſter is complete, and the Company all mounted upon their reſpective Barrels, and elegantly planted in Order of Battle, I will with all the Agility and Joy in Life, get aſtride my Barrel, which ſhall be exactly poſited in the Center of the Rendezvous, and give the Word of Command for a general Fire, with that Safety and Eaſe, that if the myſtick Promiſe of a Phyſician can be taken in Security of the Event, the ſaid terrible Fire ſhall be ſo far

far from hurting any Perſon there preſent, that it ſhall not ſo much as ſinge their Cloaths.

When the Company, have given me this ſignal Proof of their Bravery, I will then lay a Wager with them, that I have a Gun of ſuch admirable Contexture and Workmanſhip, as ſhall at one Diſcharge, and in one Second of Time, behead the whole Aſſembly *Secundum Artem.* If the Wager is agreed to, well and good; if not I flatter my ſelf, they will never be brought to forget that I once had an Inclination to oblige them.

Laſtly, that I may recommend my ſelf to the Royal Society, I promiſe, upon my Arrival, to read a Philoſophical Lecture upon the Body of a Flea. Which (after I have eviſcerated, and, by an anatomical Sejunction, ſeparated and divided all its Parts, and minuteſt Particles, and finiſh'd the Illuſtration of their ſeveral Subſerviencies, towards the Conſervation of its Being) I will by the Powers of Mechaniſm, of which, I am bold to ſay, I am the only Maſter, give ſuch an Aptitude to the reſpective Muſcles, Ligaments, Nerves, Pipes, and Strainers, towards the Reſumption of their priſtine Poſts and Offices,

as ſhall reſtore the little ſprightly Animal to its wonted Rapidity of Motion, and enable it to be as agreeable a Bedfellow to the Ladies as before.

Adieu.

Vienna, July 29.
1730.

THE

THE
NORFOLK Favourite:
OR, THE
RISE and FALL
OF
GAVESTON.

A BALLAD.

AN antient Tale I mean to write,
Scorning new Deeds to bring to light;
Of Gallant GAVESTON I ſing,
Once much belov'd of *England*'s King.

His Parents were of low Degree,
And of as mean Ability;
They farm'd their own poor ſmall Eſtate,
And never dream'd of growing Great.

His

'Till Fortune who, oft ſhuns the wiſe,
That abject Knaves and Fools may riſe;
Pitch'd upon *Peirce* their eldeſt Son,
To be a Darling of her own.

She found he was by Nature rude,
Void both of Grace and Gratitude:
But thoſe Defects were well ſupply'd,
With matchleſs Impudence and Pride.

Now that from his Obſcurity
She might him raiſe to high Degree,
The Hoodwink'd Goddeſs ſoon did bring
* In Progreſs that Way *England*'s King.

A Prince who was by Heaven deſign'd,
To be a Bleſſing to Mankind:
He was his Subjects Hearts Delight,
Yet led away by Fav'rites quite.

At the Town-Hall was made a Feaſt,
To entertain the Royal Gueſt;
And all the Country, far and near,
To ſee their King aſſembled there.

Among the reſt old GAVESTON,
And with him *Peirce* his lucky Son,
On whom the King ſoon fix'd his Eye,
And call'd him to him preſently.

Whoſe Son art thou, ſweet Youth? he cry'd:
The young Man readily reply'd,
My Name, my Liege, is GAVESTON,
An honeſt Country Farmer's Son.

* *Some Authors ſay, this Progreſs was to* Lynn Regis.

The King ſaid, If thou'lt go with me,
And leave thy Friends I promiſe thee,
I'll make thy Fortune; thou ſhalt ſhine,
In Court a Favourite of mine.

Then happy I, quoth *Peirce*; indeed,
I always thought it was decreed,
I ſhould not deal in Clods of Earth,
My Soul diſdains my humble Birth!

And now in Court behold him plac'd,
So with his Sovereign's Favour grac'd,
No Poſt or Honour could be won,
Unleſs approv'd by GAVESTON.

All courted him, but ſued in vain,
Merit could n'ere his Ear obtain;
Yet promis'd on from Day to Day,
'Till *Major Money* found the Way.

He manag'd *Peirce* with ſuch Succeſs,
None fail'd for whom he did addreſs;
The vileſt Criminal on Earth,
The *Major* could redeem from Death.

Thus by the *Major*'s curſed Power,
Peirce did the Nation's Wealth devour;
He rais'd the Scum of all the Earth,
And threw down thoſe of noble Birth.

His Brothers next to Court he brought,
And Patent Poſts for them he got;
His Father too, as doth appear,
Had twenty thouſand Marks a Year.

As

As late DIRECTOR's of known Fame,
For ev'ry Brute ſubſcrib'd a Name,
So *Peirce* his Daughter, Sons, and Wife,
Had each three Poſts ſecur'd for Life.

Yet not content with all he got,
He thought each Profit was his Lot,
And Bribes from every Hand he took,
'Till God and Man his Part forſook.

The People who thus long did bear,
Roſe as one Man, and did declare,
They would both judge and execute,
Then let who dar'd their Act diſpute.

But *Peirce* was ſo o'ergrown with Pride,
Tho' often warn'd ſuch Threats defy'd;
Till in a lucky pointed Hour,
They ſeized, and got him in their Power.

Then from his Coach they took him ſtrait,
And dragg'd him from his Palace-Gate;
Low on the Ground for all to ſee,
And hang him on a Gallows-Tree.

Thus juſtly fell proud GAVESTON,
For *England*'s Good! deplor'd by none:
And may all Villains ſuch as he,
With ſuch a Fate rewarded be.

FINIS.

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